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nardino de Sahagun, *Cihuacoatl*, the woman-serpent. The capital with an abacus, an astragal, and a torus, which is surmounted by a rough statue, and observed on entering the museum, beneath No. 66, is also made of brown lava; but figure 1, which represents the insignia of royalty, is made of grey granite, and must have caused the sculptor many difficulties in its execution.

These various statues, worn away at present by frequent moving and time, were formerly polychromatic, and the different colours with which they were painted formed an essential part in the religious symbolism of these people. We know, for instance, from Torquemada, that Quetzalcoatl, when he was represented under a human form, was painted entirely black, with bundles of feathers to represent flames of fire. We are also aware that *Matlacauje*, the sister of Haloc, god of the waters, while she, herself, was goddess of the tempest, wore a blue tunic. *Iacatecutli* (the lord who guides us), the god of commerce, wore, according to Claygéro, an azure cloak; but his face was spotted with black and white, while his ears were gold. *Macuilxochitl*, the divinity who presided over flowers, was represented, says Sahagun, with the features of a flayed man, or rather of one painted red. We will not give any more of these curious details, or these barbarous names, which have, perhaps, already frightened more than one of our readers; we will merely add that, while the Mexicans were acquainted with the art of cutting the hardest stone, they also knew how to form secondary figures of burnt clay as well as by the means of moulding. It was, doubtless, by the latter process that was manufactured, on certain solemn occasions, the gigantic idol of the god Huitzilopochtli, which was formed of different vegetable grains, stuck together by Indian-wheat paste impregnated with human blood. Some historians maintain that this idol was piled up, bit by bit, on wooden bars, but the first opinion seems to us the most likely one. This figure was broken annually during a grand religious ceremony, so that its fragments, distributed among the tribes, might be used for the administration of a horrible sacrament—less horrible than the one partaken of by the priests, who glutted themselves on the hearts of the victims.

Several of the little figures we have engraved have been produced by casts. No. 175, for instance, which represents *Yacuina*, holding a child in his arms, is the production of a cast contained in the American Museum. The god *Topiltzin*, who has a little human figure in one of his arms, was, doubtless, produced in the same manner, as were also the Nos. 168, 179, and 246. It was by the means of these various kinds of baked clay, that the more important divinities of Mexican theogony, if we are to believe the conjectures of the catalogue, were represented. No. 120, for instance, represents a very strange-looking head of Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, while No. 63 is intended to represent no humbler personage than Tezcatlipoca, the god-creator, dressed in the spoils of a bird; but in spite of the manuscript of the Vatican appealed to here, we must own that we can find in this little statue none of the attributes of a superior being.* We do not know whether any more certainty is attached to No. 120, which presents us with the dreaded head of *Toteco*, the military disciple of the god of air. As to Huitzilopochtli (No. 121), the god so formidable in war, and to whom so many human beings were sacrificed that the number of the victims is said to have amounted to sixty thousand in a few years, we admit his authenticity more readily, because his name really is to be met with in valuable Codex of Letellier. For ourselves, we are at a loss to imagine what god No. 126 is intended to represent, unless, like the figures which surround it, it belongs to a very rudimentary state of art. Though we are not able to claim for the Mexicans a very high position in the hieratic statuary of primitive nations, it would be very unjust to judge them by such specimens as the ones we have seen. We must not forget that thousands of the innumerable household gods,

known by the name of Mitlou, and which were constantly renewed in every dwelling, were daily manufactured by the members of a popular calling. The large idols executed by the renowned sculptors whom King Achuetzotzni assembled together in 1487, when he finished the temple of Mexico, were, as we have already said, all broken in 1525. On the first day of that year, says Torquemada, the last temples were burnt down, at the same hour, so to say, in Mexico, in Tlascala, and in Huetzingo, and it was thus that the last traces of Mexican art were destroyed.

DREAMLAND.

CHARLES LAMB regarded bed as a very regal domain, where a man might toss and tumble at his pleasure, and with his bed-curtains drawn close around, be monarch of all he surveyed. And Tom Hood, in his "Lay of Killmansegg," addresses bed most lovingly:—

"Oh, bed, bed! delicious bed!
A heaven on earth to the weary head."

And somebody has told us that balmy sleep is kind nature's sweet restorer, and our great dramatist has taught us that gentle sleep is nature's soft nurse that comes to weigh the eyelids down and steep the senses in forgetfulness. Sleep is a common blessing, none the worse for being common; for when the solemn night comes on, birds roost in the trees, fishes sleep in the brooks, cattle rest in the pastures, and man forgetting, and willingly forgetting, the noise and strife and struggle of his life of perpendicularity and motion, lies down on beds or truckle beds to horizontal sleep—

"To sleep, perchance to dream."

What a wonderful place is Dreamland! It is more mysterious than all the wonders of the thousand and one nights. Time and space are there annihilated; the mind may wander whithersoever it will, and all through that fairy domain where Queen Mab reigns and there her varied agency employs;—the thinking faculty, released from common drudgery, goes onward, onward, onward, knowing no barrier, and never halting in its course.

We lie down. Everything is very silent. We hear the ceaseless ticking of the clock, and wonder when we shall go off. We hear the church clock strike, we listen and count the hour. Another clock catches up the sound, and tolls the hour; we hearken to hear if yet a lazy clock still lags behind its fellows; no. We grow restless, we become confused, we still hear the ticking of the clock, but the vibrations are becoming more and more indistinct. We are going off. We become more and more confused. We forget where we are. We are off. Where are we?

In a room that we knew many years ago, that we had not been thinking about, that we had almost forgotten; but there it is, clear and plain before us. There is the window with the blind half down as we saw it last, the same frayed tassel, the same red and black carpet, the same steel fender, the same old picture bought in Drury-lane, the same library table, with the leather cut and rubbed and sorely damaged, everything just as we left it. More than that, there is the same proprietor, Old Leighton as we called him, with his silver hair hanging on the collar of his coat, and his silver spectacles thrust high upon his wrinkled forehead, talking is he earnestly, eloquently, and to us. We know that he has been dead these ten years, we are sure of that, and the feeling is anything but pleasant. We are afraid to say so, afraid to ask him anything about his sojourn in the unseen world; it seems that we should be taking a liberty to put any such queries, and we answer as well as we are able. But the matter becomes alarming; for as we turn slightly toward the door, that door is opened, and another man, whose funeral we attended but a week ago, comes in with a pleasant smile. Then a frightful thought comes into our mind that both of those men died unfairly, that both were slain by cruel hands, and that we did it, that we are guilty, that our soul is stained with blood. How shall we escape? We dissemble ease and gaiety, and laugh as of old, but we shake in every limb.

* With respect to this subject, the learned little work entitled, *Essai sur la Théogonie Mexicaine*, par M. Ternaux-Compans, Paris, 1840, in 8vo, may be consulted

He who entered last is looking out into the crowded street, our old friend in the spectacles has turned to the mantel-piece; we are determined to fly, we must, we will. Away we go down the steep stairs at a bound, out into the busy street, away, away, now up against the houses, now out amid the whirling carriages, now almost down, now roughly handled, but onward still, for as we live they are in pursuit, and our hair rises and our blood creeps. We have left the busy town behind us, and are out on the dusty country road. It is night; the stars keep watch, and far away we hear the sound of feet, onward, onward, as if we were the fabled Jew who never stops to rest. There is a deep, thick, shadowy wood, where giant trees stretch out their arms, and stems and branches twist together in a strange mysterious fashion, and there is silence; we rush forward, away, away, down dim mysterious aisles, and solemn dells; but hark! they are still behind, and we gnash our teeth, and strive to cry aloud, but there is a stifling sensation in our throat, and we cannot shout, and, flinging ourselves upon the ground, we press our face to the sod, and refuse to look up. But gradually, confusedly begin to know that the clock is ticking, and that we are still the same guiltless Jones that we were an hour before.

Who has not at one period or another felt these or similar sensations? A poet makes Eugene Aram tell to one of his scholars the fearful story of his crime, and tell it as a dream. In Dream-land we do not know where we are going to, our mental ship has no pilot and no chart, our mind is governed by no rules; and though all the day long it has been as quiet as jade as ever worked in harness, becomes at night Pegasus for then once, and scampers where it will, or upwards flies to brighter scenes in the world above, or carries us away, like another Mazeppa, into strange and dismal forests which make the heart grow cold. We lose our present self, and play fantastic tricks until the morning. No story of witchcraft and of aged dames riding on broomsticks through the air could be more wonderful than this. We are at the gold diggings, playing the old game of Tom Tiddler's ground, and picking up gold and silver, but we came over in no emigrant ship. We are in the East, amid dark faces and picturesque turbans, and dear old memories, but we did not come by the Oriental Steam-Packet Company. We are in the frigid regions of the north, huge ice islands are about us drifting triumphantly on the deep, deep sea; but we came there by no regular method, we flew there like a bird. We are in mines such as were disclosed to the man in the northern legend—trees effulgent with diamond fruits, pillars of gold and precious stones, fountains with water of a million hues,

and over all a floating and delicious music instead of air. Well, we did not descend any shaft, we sank through the ground like a trick in a pantomime.

And it is not only space that is destroyed, but time is over-leaped at a bound. We live in all ages as well as in all countries; backwards or forwards, this way or that way, it is all the same to us. And not only so, but the manner in which we compress in our dreams is the most marvellous of all. A few seconds make up a lifetime. A sound suggests a train of thought, and ere the sound has died away the train is all complete.

Strange old stories there are of dreams that have come true, that have been fulfilled to the very letter. Some, indeed, interpret dreams in a variety of ways, in which every object is rendered typical, and the whole thing resembles the picture-page of an hieroglyphic almanack; and Lover tells us that

"Dreams always go by contraries, my dear."

However it may be, and without hazarding a word about it, we must all admit that dreams are very mysterious; that the mind, at liberty to wander where it will, plays wondrous tricks with us all. Strange it is when regal Mab rides forth, drawn with a team of little atomies across men's noses as they lie asleep, galloping through lovers' brains, and over courtiers' knees, and lawyers' fingers, and soldiers' necks, and ladies' lips; strange how she rides:—

"Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshopper;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip of cricket bone; the lash of film."

Some dreams there are which we would not willingly forget; some, indeed, that we would willingly make reality if we could. A beautiful thought of this kind is given by Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner," when, as the ship of death comes near the shore, and one familiar object after another is seen, the wretched man cries out:—

"Oh, dream of joy, is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own country?
"We glided over the harbour bar,
And I with sobs did pray,
'Oh, let me be awake, my God,
Or let me sleep away!'"

ROMAN RUINS.

ROME is still full of the remains of departed greatness. At every corner of the city, and in every mile of the Romagna, we meet with the monuments of the wealth, power, and science of the empire. Two of these we have selected for illustration, but they refer to very different periods of Roman history—the one to its infancy, and the other to its decline.

In the foreground of our first engraving may be seen an ancient fountain, called *Meta Sudans*, or the Sweating Fountain: near it, upon a height, the ruins of the Temple of Venus; and in the background, the arch of Titus, and the modern Capitol. The fountain, which was a jet d'eau, and is at present in ruins, was in existence under Nero. According to Cassiodorus, it was rebuilt in the reign of Domitian. Tradition states that the gladiators, on issuing from the Colosseum, which is but a few yards distant, came to wash their bloody hands in its clear basin. In the midst was one of those columns in the form of a cone, such as were used in the circus to regulate the course of the horses, and from the top a jet of water shot up into the air, and fell back in a shower into the basin.

Some antiquaries have supposed that this cone served also

to mark the spot where four of the districts, into which ancient Rome was divided, met, viz., the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 10th.

The Temple of Venus and Rome, the ruins of which hide from the spectator the church of Santa Francesca Romana, was built upon a plan sketched by the Emperor Adrian. Venus and Rome, considered as a goddess, were united, in consequence of the divine relationship established through the medium of Æneas. A portico, composed of a double row of granite columns, was raised upon an area of five hundred feet in length, and three hundred in breadth, the remains of which still exist. The columns were about a yard and a half in diameter. This portico was only an approach to the main body of the building, which was 340 feet in length, and 180 in breadth. In the two façades were ten columns of Parian marble, and at the sides twenty, all fluted, and of the Corinthian order of architecture. In the area, between the portico and the peristyle of the temple, properly so-called, were two great marble pillars standing alone, and each supporting a statue. The *cella* was divided into three parts, and was covered with Parian marble. The floor of the portico